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AND

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Saturday, December 10, 1803.

De Valcour and Bertha:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. I. Con.

AS soon as de Valcour was beyond hearing, and Bertha's listening ear counted every retreating step, she roused her domestic. The thunder rattled in tremendous peals round the castle; and the vived lightning gleamed in through every crevice of the dilapidated building. Rosa was even more terrified than her mistress, and clung round her for protection. A loud shriek was presently heard; but drowned by such a terrible crash as threatened total destruction to the fabric. Bertha fell on her knees; Rosa sunk beside her; and both remained in fervent prayer, till called to active exertions by the sound of the alarm-bell, which soon roused every servant in the castle. Bertha hastened to her father's chamber, where she beheld him lifeless, disfigured, and bloody; while the Baroness frantically shrieked, tore her hair and cried aloud for vengeance on the murderer. The castle was ineffectually searched; no assassin could be discovered. Bertha was carried senseless to her apartment, and the Baroness shut herself up from the sight of every one. Father Ambrose, the confessor of the neighbouring convent, was sent for: his pious exhortations were the only means of restoring tranquillity to the distracted family: the sanctity of his manners, his active benevolence, humanity,

and piety, created him many admirers, among whom the Baroness was not the least zealous.

Bertha, by some unaccountable prejudice did not feel for the father that enthusiastic veneration professed by the rest of the family; but his subsequent good offices, and friendly advice, to herself and Julian, soon taught her to condemn her former Scepticism; and to him she unburthened every secret care: to him only was the Lady Valeria accessible, and he succeeded in regulating her deportment to the observance of decent grief.

Valeria was the illegitimate daughter of an Italian Noble, dissipated and profligate; her earliest days had been passed in gaiety and luxury; the love of pleasure, pomp, and power, were her leading principles. Her father's affluence, and high favour in the cabinet, had occasioned her to be received into the first company; but an early attachment between her and one of rank far beneath her father's ambitious views, had drawn on her his displeasure. Valeria was too mercenary to give up her expectations, and had sufficient art to calculate every probable advantage; therefore, doubting the stability of her lover's affection, should she be abandoned by her wealthy father, she contrived to gratify her own passion without offending him. And Antonia Adimeni, soon satiated by indulgence, released the lady from her vows of fidelity by withdrawing from Naples. Valeria was not too constant for her peace. Chance led her into the presence of the Baron de Montalpine: he was captivated by her beauty, and the wily Valeria, neglected no lure to secure her conquest. Age has its follies; nor are they inferior to those of youth. The Baron, delighted with the blandishments of a young and lovely girl, in a short time made her his wife. Valeria no

sooner beheld the blooming artless Bertha, than envious hate filled her malignant bosom. She beheld, too, the fondness of the Baron for his adopted son, the orphan Julian, with equal aversion; and the hopes of benefit to her future offspring, made her resolve to ruin the views of the young couple. By slow degrees she rekindled the sparks of family pride in the mind of the Baron; ridiculed his weakness, or chid his injustice to his own children; bade him look forward to the providing for a natural heir, and not impoverish him by bestowing his fortune on a beggar. These arguments had the desired effect on the weak Baron; and he soon grew cold in his behaviour to Julian. The spirited youth could ill bear unmerited slight; and his resentful deportment increased the evil. Unmindful of all his former promises, the Baron thought he acted full generously, when he gave De Valcour a commission in the army, and dismissed him from the castle, with a peremptory command to think no more of Bertha, unless he would draw on his head a parent's curse. Love was too deeply graven on the hearts of Julian and Bertha to be erased by this cruel mandate; and, thoughtless of consequences, the impetuous youth succeeded in persuading the yielding girl to a private marriage, least fraud or force should throw her into the arms of another, before fortune should enable him to return, and claim her with a father's blessing. Father Ambrose performed the ceremony, and Bertha sacrificed her *obedience* to her *love*. De Valcour, then half blest, retired indignantly from the castle, and found a temporary asylum at the Monastery of St. Francis, where he could sometimes hear of Bertha; and by the friendly aid of Father Ambrose, occasionally wandered to the castle, and obtained a private interview with his beloved wife. Such was the state-

of affairs in the Castle di Montalpine, on the night of the shocking incident before related. Bertha remained in a lethargy of grief till the succeeding evening, when the sound of the vesper-bell at the monastery reminded her, that in a few hours she must prepare to see Julian. It was their last promised interview; but it was her intention to desire he would not leave the Abbey till her father's will had been read.

CHAP. II.

Ah! what will not that woman do who loves?
What means will she refuse to keep that heart
Where all her joys are placed?

SAVAGE.

ON the following day the Baron's will was examined: it was by the peremptory command of Valeria, who suggested the idea, that it might contain some particular directions as to the manner of his interment. Bertha was too ill to attend minutely to the contents; but when the whole was perused and she found herself left entirely dependent on the haughty Valeria, she shrieked with anguish, and was conveyed to her chamber in strong convulsions. Hope was entirely crushed, and she fully felt all the horrors of her situation. It was with difficulty she roused herself sufficiently to meet De Valcour at the appointed hour, and as she stole softly down the staircase, her own footsteps appalled her. Julian was ready at the usual signal: his loved presence dispelled her fears: and, after reaching her apartment in safety, they passed the first hours of the night in uninterrupted conversation. Bertha failed not to make known the unjust neglect of her father, deplored her own poverty, which now left her no prospect, but the success of his exertions; "and alas!" added Bertha, "should I become a mother in your absence, what have I not to dread from the persecutions of the Baroness?" Julian vainly sought to calm her fears: he projected a thousand vague schemes for their future advantage, till at length, exhausted by the fatigue and cares of the two preceding days, and seized with an unusual stupor, he fell into a deep slumber, on the couch beside the fire. Bertha gazed with tender emotion on his beloved features: her tears flowed fast, and wetted his cheek. The lamp emitted but feeble rays, which conspired, with the gloomy solemnity of the hour, to fill her with a variety of apprehensions, till harassed by watchfulness and afflicting thoughts, she yielded to the drowsiness which stole over her senses; and throwing her arm round Julian, she sunk to repose. Her eyes were scarcely closed to sleep, when a rustling noise near her

caused her to start up, and, to her extreme terror, she found the lamp extinguished; but a gleam of light shot across the wainscot, and then disappeared. Bertha gazed fearfully around: she shook the arm of Julian: he was in a profound sleep, and a low murmur of, "Hush, Hush," sounded through the apartment. Bertha would have called aloud on De Valcour: but, before she could articulate a syllable, a hollow sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Can Bertha sleep in peace upon the bosom of a murderer?" A loud, crash, as of distant thunder, succeeded, which awakened Julian; when the pallid cheeks, and quivering lips of his wife, called his attention, and drew forth his tenderest endearments. In vain did he search for his unknown accuser. The morning began to dawn; Bertha, half dead with affright, entreated him to leave the castle. Julian unwillingly departed. "I will consult Father Ambrose," said he; "and to-morrow-night I will endeavour to detect this midnight intruder. Fear not, my love; I will bring proper arms for my defence: this mystery must be cleared up before I leave you."

De Valcour failed not on the following night to keep his promise. He carefully secured every entrance, and placing his pistols on the table before them, anxiously waited the slightest noise. To divert Bertha, who was almost sinking with terror, he drew from his pocket a volume of poems, and began to read to her. She had become deeply interested in the fate of Prior's "Nut Brown Maid," when the turret-clock struck one. Her eye fearfully wandered round the room, but no unusual object was visible; and again she listened with attention to Julian. A noise, similar to the rattling of keys, gave them instantaneous alarm. Julian seized a pistol, and pointing it towards the door, when a violent creaking, in a distant part of the room, diverted his attention to the spot. The apartment was so large, that the solitary lamp burning on the table, scarcely illuminated half of it, leaving the arched recesses in total obscurity. Julian would have proceeded to examine them, but Bertha, frantic with terror, clung to his cloak, and prevented his advancing. Soon, however she relinquished her hold, when she beheld on the opposite panel, written in letters of blood, encompassed by a blue flame, "Bertha shall know no peace till her hand has slain the Murderer of her Father." "God of Heaven! what can this horrible prediction mean?" exclaimed De Valcour. "Bertha my wife! look up. Let the earth open and entomb me; let the lightning of Heaven direct its misplaced vengeance on my devoted head,

but do not thou believe me guilty." Bertha shuddered; her whole frame was convulsed; she pointed to the terrific spot; her lips moved, yet no sound proceeded, but her agonized groans. Julian laid her on the couch. He then took the lamp, and carefully inspected the panel: the writing had vanished, but many traces of blood remained; and there was not the least appearance of a door, or aperture, by which any human being could have entered, except that on which his eyes had been steadfastly fixed. He returned to his wife. "Bertha," said he, "this affair is still inexplicable. Some malicious fiend wishes to effect our ruin. I will return—" "Oh, no, no!" shrieked Bertha wildly: "you must never return. A father's curse attends me.—Fly, while yet my reason holds." "Fly you, Bertha, under this vile opprobrium! Oh, no; rather let thy hand now complete the work of fate. Had nought but poverty assailed, these arms, unaided by ought but virtue, should have protected thee from every ill: we would have sought some retired spot, where cheerful industry, would have supported us in love and confidence; but, now, aspersed by some unknown calumniator, suspected by Bertha, life is valueless." He bent his knee before her; his air and accent were solemnly impressive, as he took her cold hand; and, after pressing it fervently to his bosom, placed within it a pistol. "Here," said he, "satisfy the enemy who persecutes me; annihilate the heart which has hitherto never throbbed with a passion that could disgrace it. But why do I meanly seek to plead my innocence? Bertha be resolute; this is the hour when justice must triumph over every tender sentiment: the blood of a murdered father calls for vengeance!"—Bertha gazed on him with horror. The fire which flashed from his dark eyes betrayed his desperation; she dashed the pistol to the ground. "No, Julian, I cannot be thy executioner. Justice cannot be awarded by my hand. Fly, fly!" De Valcour rose with dignity: "O, Cruel Bertha, you know that while life remains, I will not leave you. This hour must terminate my miseries:—this hand must execute the awful purpose of fate." He raised the pistol to his head, and would have fired. Bertha sunk upon her knees, exclaiming, "Power infinite, pardon my involuntary crime if I am guilty! Julian, whatever were my duties, I am now thy wife. I will go with thee from this hateful place; we are not safe within its walls. I will never, never leave thee." He received her in his arms, and they mingled tears of love and sorrow. "To-morrow night," said Bertha, "I will in disguise meet you at the

hut in the wood. We will repair to my good old nurse at D—, where I shall find a safe asylum till some eligible plan occurs to us. I feel inspired with fresh confidence; let us now separate." Julian departed with reluctance, after insisting on her taking some repose, and promising to consult the venerable Father Ambrose, who would be their best adviser. When De Valcour left her, Bertha secured the door, and passed an hour in fervent prayer; then, rather more tranquillized, sought that rest of which she stood so much in need.

The following day was appointed for the interment of the Baron; and, to the great surprise of Bertha, and Valeria, Father Ambrose did not appear. Great rewards had been offered by the Baroness for the apprehension of the assassin, but no discovery had yet been made; and the pious Ambrose had in person visited several of the surrounding towns and villages, in the hope of gathering some satisfactory knowledge. On the morning of the day he left the abbey at an early hour, for the purpose of visiting a sick man, whose dwelling was at the distance of five miles, and was not expected till the vesper service, after which the funeral rites of the Baron were to be solemnized. Still Ambrose did not appear, and the holy brothers were filled with alarm. De Valcour found an opportunity of speaking to Bertha unobserved; he begged her to delay their departure another day, or at least till the return of Ambrose, for whom messengers were dispatched in every direction; but their conference was scarcely ended, when two of the laymen returned with horror in their looks, and displayed the hood and vestment of Father Ambrose, rent and stained with blood, which had been found in a deep pit near the high road; but all search after his body had been fruitless. That he had suffered a violent death, was probable, and the whole abbey was thrown into consternation. The ceremony of the Baron's funeral was, however, concluded; and the Baroness returned dismayed and afflicted to the castle. Her deportment towards Bertha was haughty and reserved: She reminded her of her dependant situation, and pompously assured her, that while she conducted herself as a dutiful child towards her, she should find her a liberal and indulgent mother. Bertha shrank from her offers with unconcealed disgust; but respect to her father's memory sealed her lips from uttering the sentiments with which the conduct of Valeria inspired her, and she now determined to lose no time in quitting the inhospitable mansion, which she could no longer hope to call her own. She hastily secreted all her valuable jewels, the gift of her once indul-

gent father, and arrayed herself in a habit of Julian's, which he wore when he first declared his love to her. He was then sixteen, caressed by all, beloved by her father, and to her the first, the only object of affection. Her faithful Rosa was her confidant and assistant; and but for her kind attentions, Bertha would have sunk beneath her emotions. A few select articles of dress Bertha desired Rosa to send to her the first opportunity; the rest she was to appropriate to her own use. She then took an affectionate leave of her long valued domestic, and bade a sad adieu to the scene of her earliest joys, her severest calamities; and with a aching heart, and faltering step, hastened to meet De Valcour at the hut in the wood.

(To be continued.)

A BAD TEMPER.

THERE seems to be, with persons of ill nature, an opinion which few persons who have no evil passions to hide, will allow—" That a man of good sense and quick parts, is of a bad temper, and that a man of bad temper, is generally a man of abilities." Never was a more erroneous idea, fatal to the interests of society, and palpably false in principle. A friend remarked to me the other day, while conversing on this subject, that he had observed through a long and laborious life, that those who have possessed abilities, honesty and integrity, have mostly possessed good humour, the general result of an unguilty mind.

It is not sense in Acasto to find fault with every thing another man does; such a propensity springs from ill-nature, and a desire to raise himself by a pitiful expedient. It does not denote ability, to decry the want of abilities in others, as this is too often a scheme to prevent the world from saying the same of him.

Mad-men and fools, says Rochefoucault, see every thing through the medium of their humour: thus, if an ill-natured person is dissented from, in a debate, as he can never imagine himself wrong, he sets his antagonist down for a fool, little suspecting that the company fastens the same cap upon himself with more propriety.

An ill-tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts seeks for hidden meanings, never meant—

He sees more devils than all Hell can hold: his offences are seldom forgiven, as they are generally more the offspring of the heart than the head.

Openness and candour have been mistaken by subtle and designing men, for want of capacity, not knowing that honesty and honour are the surest proofs of profound wisdom.

Acasto calls him weak and fickle who changes his opinion, not regarding that an alteration of circumstances, will cause an alteration of sentiment. The Portuguese have a fine proverb on this subject, " The wise man changes his opinion often, the fool never." He is never more wrong than in misnomers; he calls obstinacy, firmness; —cunning, depth;—a resistance to the, charitable feelings, a resolution not to be imposed upon.

The will of an ill-natured man is his law; his fist is his logic; he is generally envious, avaricious, always tyranical, ambitious, and contemptuous; mostly ungrateful, illiberal, passionate, and treacherous; a bear in society, and a pest to his family.

He is seldom a friend to any one, not even to himself; his own misery not being problematical, he renders all around him as miserable as himself.

He dies detested, and is literally hissed out of the world.

ON THE HUMAN HEART.

BY LAVATER.

EACH heart is a world of nations, classes, and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of being and decay, of life and death; the past, the present, and the future; the springs of health, and engines of disease: here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate, fluctuate, and toss the sullen and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever-restless waves. You will find all *within yourself*, that you find *without*: the numbers and characters of your friends bear an exact resemblance to your external ones; and your internal enemies are just as many, as inveterate, as irreconcileable as those without. The world that surrounds you is the magic-glass of the world, and of its forms within you: the brighter you are in yourself, so much brighter are your friends; so much more polluted are your enemies. Be assured, then, that to know yourself perfectly, you have only to set down a true statement of those who have ever loved or hated you.

OBSERVATION.

The reason why fools so often succeed in their plans, is, that never distrusting themselves, they always persevere.

THE SUBTERRANEAN PALACE:

AN APOLOGUE.

THERE was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, **STRIKE HERE.** For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length, a certain subtle Clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed as the sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps, which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace. Here he entered a hall, where he saw a king and queen sitting at table, with their nobles, and a multitude of people, all cloathed in rich garments. But no person spake a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room. In the opposite corner he perceiv'd the figure of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, *I am who am. Nothing can escape my stroke; not even yonder carbuncle, which shines so bright.* The Clerk beheld all with amazement; and, entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple. But all was silence. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses: he touched some of them, and they were instantly turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with whatever his wishes could desire. He again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return: 'But,' says he, 'my report of all these wonders will not be believed, unless I carry something with me.' He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom. The man who stood in the corner with his bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces. At that moment the hall became dark as night. In this darkness, not being able to find his way, he continued in the subterranean palace, and soon died a miserable death.

In the moralisation of this fable, the Steps by which the Clerk descends into the earth, are supposed to be the Passions. The Palace, so richly stored, the World, with all its vanities and temptations. The Figure with the bow bent, is Death; and the Carbuncle, is Human Life. He suffers for his avarice, in coveting and seizing what was not his own; and no sooner has he taken the golden

knife and cup, that is, enriched himself with the goods of this world, than he is delivered up to the gloom and horrors of the grave.

rels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

DUELS

And a Method of preventing them.

IT seems surprising to many people that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

"You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death"—Or,

"You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove; indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But it is not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth.

"Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will shew that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstances which gave rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had, to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quar-

DR. LAURENZIUS,

The ELWES of Germany.

DR. LAURENZIUS lived some years ago at Leipzig. He was a jurist, noted for his opulence. "At home he lived like the poorest person, keeping neither man nor maid; partly from thinking he could not maintain them, and partly from fear of being robbed. He lived in a building attached to a large house of his own, in which he had a suit of four rooms, thro' all which he had to pass on going out. He kept these rooms fast locked, that thieves might be obliged to burst open four doors before they could reach his Mammon. He seldom sent for meat enough for one meal, and on this, when he did, he lived at least three days. He took neither beer, nor wine, nor coffee. In short, his life at home was a constant fast. Though when invited by his legacy-hunters, he stuffed like a thresher, and toped like a canon.

"Under the most biting hunger (of which he actually complained to me) he had not the heart to rob his coffers of a single penny. He came to me oftener than once, as I was eating my breakfast, and begged for a bit of roll. 'He felt a little qualm: otherwise he never, never eat. A single mouthful was enough. More would be his death. He would cheerfully send for a whole roll, but he vowed to heaven, he had not a halfpenny at home—and it would be a sin too, as all above a mouthful must be left to spoil.' But when I forced upon him half a roll, he eat it with the utmost glee.

"I have twenty times witnessed, when servants brought him presents, how he would steal to the grated hatch, to spy if they were thieves; with what fawning devotion he would draw his bolts, take the cake and wine into custody, and begin—'Ah! my dear fellow, return a thousand thanks to your master and mistress for the refreshment they vouchsafe a poor wretch—Ah! how glad should I be to give you something to drink—but, look you, may I never share the joys of heaven, may I be cast into everlasting perdition, if I have a farthing of money here within—But, be sure to tell them in my name, I will remember them in my will—Trust me, I will not forget them.'

[Dr. C. F. BAHREDT'S LIFE.]

OBSERVATION.

He who runs after wit is apt to embrace folly.

BURIAL PLACE of the CAPUCHINS
AT PALERMO.*From Willyns's Voyage up the Mediterranean.*

ON Easter Sunday I attended Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the Consul General's lady, and captains Troubridge, Hood, and Hallowell, to the Capuchin's monastery, about a mile from the south gate of the city. After viewing the chapel and upper apartments, we descended into a subterraneous cemetery of the dead, much larger, and therefore more extraordinary, than that I visited near Syracuse. It is in the form of a cloister: on each side of the alleys are niches for the dried monks. The number of them amounted, I was informed, to no less than four thousand bodies, some of which had been dead near two centuries. In a separate chapel, or aisle, were the bodies of the nobility and gentry, who from pious motives chose to be placed in this curious preservatory. Among the rest, the capuchin, or cicerone, shewed us the body of a Moorish prince, who had abjured his native religion, and embraced the christian faith: he, of course, was a demi-saint. Some of the bodies in this place were dressed in their gala suits; others were habited in the monastic cowl. Our conductor took from a small coffin the remains of a young prince, dressed in the fashion of his day, and presented it to the ladies, as a toyman in London would have shewn a doll. Unfortunately the young gentleman, perhaps from too rough treatment at other times, dropped his head, which fell forwards, to the no small alarm of his fair visitors. The monk then shewed us a door of the oven in which these bodies were dried, and would fain have invited the ladies to see the process; but on entering it they hastily retired; and well they might, for the first object that saluted their eyes was the body of a fat officer, who had died only the day before, in a fit of apoplexy, as he was on duty at the Mole. I wished to know something of the process, but could not understand it: the body was extended on a low stove, and covered with a sheet, seemingly preparatory to the operation. When the body is properly prepared, the door of the oven is carefully closed, so as to admit none of the external air. After remaining six months in this place, it is sufficiently dried to be placed in the niche or coffin as required. The skin then appears dry, shrivelled, and hard, apparently of the substance of tanned leather.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

ANECDOTES.

FROM AMIRATO.

A Rich old citizen of Bergamo had lent to one his countrymen at Florence 400 crowns, which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgement. When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprized that no proof could be brought against him, positively denied that he had ever received it. After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the Duke, who would find some method of doing him justice. Alessandro accordingly ordered both parties before him, and after hearing the assertions of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying, "Is it possible then, friend, that you can have lent your money when no one was present?"—"There was no one, indeed," replies the creditor, "I counted out the money to him on a post."—"Go, bring the post then this instant," said the Duke, "and I will make it confess the truth." The creditor, though astonished, on receiving such a order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the Duke not to be very speedy in his return. In the mean time the Duke employed himself in transacting the affairs of his other suitors, till at length, turning again towards the borrower, "This man," said he, "stays a long time with his post."—"It so heavy, Sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Alessandro left him, and returning some time afterwards, carelessly exclaimed, "What kind of men are these who lend their money without evidence.—Was there no one present but the post?"—"No, indeed, Sir," replied the knave.—"The post is a good witness, then," said the Duke, "and shall make thee pay the man his money."

A FRENCH master was explaining to his scholars the nature of the adjective, "gros,"(big.) The scholars had written "un arbre gros," meaning to express a big tree. Now, said the master, had you written "un gros arbre" it would have been right; but "un arbre gros," means a tree big with child; as "une femme grosse," a woman big with child: "une grosse femme," a big woman. But did you ever see a tree big with child, unless when you or some of your companions were up in the apple tree committing your depredations?

A Country clerk was reading the nunc dimittis; when he came to the passage, "to be a light to lighten the Gentiles;" not

being able to make it out immediately, he adopted a new and truly original reading; "To be a light to lighten the gentlemen!!!"

CURIOUS FACT.

The Atlas of 90 guns, launched during the American war at Chatham, had at the head, the figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North-America, and the carpenter who cut it away was an American.

LONDON FASHIONS.

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

Evening dress.—Trained petticoat of white muslin, with a short dress of pale blue silk of sham muslin, trimmed all round with broad black lace; plain white sleeves of lace or embroidered muslin. Habit shirt of lace. The hair represented in the most fashionable form.

Walking dress.—Short round dress of white muslin; pelice of tea colored silk, drawn close round the neck, and trimmed all round with very broad black lace. A large straw bonnet lined with pink, and turned up all round.

Nine Head dresses.—A white lace placed on the head to form a cap. The right side hanging carelessly over the face, and ornamented with a row of beads, and a medallion. The left side drawn close over the hair, with a wreath of roses.—2. A fashionable head dress, banded with hair and beads. A white ostrich feather in front.—3. The left side of the head dress No. 1.—4. A large straw bonnet turned up in front, and lined with blue.—5. A cap of lace or muslin ornamented with a green wreath.—6. White beaver hat turned up in front and ornamented with roses. 7. The hair dressed with a black velvet band and gem clasp.—8. A chincote hat, trimmed round the edge with white lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.—9. A white veil thrown carelessly over the hair, and confined with a wreath of myrtle.

Observations.—At this season, little alterations take place in the general ornaments of dress; a few pelices have appeared, but white cloaks or fur tippets are yet more prevalent. In full dress, feathers and flowers are invariably used. The make of the dresses have not differed since last month. Lace is still much worn. The favourite colours are lilac, blue and pea-green.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

WITH lovely pearl the western sky
Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly,
So slowly side by side;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
E'en I with rapture see;
And sigh, and bless the charming sight
That lures my love from me.

O Hill! that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st on thy green brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
Full in the crimson light I see
Above the summit rise
My Edward's form; he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend, my love, the hour is come;
Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still;
Yet, why a lonely wanderer stray?
Alone the joy pursue?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

O Edward, when we strolled along
Beneath the waving corn,
And bath confess'd the power of song;
And bles'd the dewy morn;
To thy fond words my heart replied,
(My presence then could move.)
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,
To gaze and talk of love."

Thou art not false,—that cannot be!
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence, and the stream.
If these, my love, detain thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou—
We'll brush the dews away.

TO CARE.

THOU scourge of mortals, earth-born CARE,
Whose looks, that vengeful tidings lour,
And haggard mein and restless air,
Too truly indicate thy pow'r;
Thine arrows rankling in his breast,
Man's choicest blessings oft destroy;
To life impart a loathsome zest,
And poison every source of joy!

Scared by thy frown, no more the Muse
The Poet's lonely moments cheers.

With half-averted face she views
The heaving breast, the trickling tears!
From where thy vulture-train reside,
She, and her handmaid FANCY, flee:
Nor will the heav'n-born pair divide
The empire of the mind with thee!

E'en SLEEP, that o'er the weary soul
Delights her opiate dews to shed,
Her poppies drops at thy control,
And flies the care-worn wretch's bed:
Or should her influence chance prevail,
And slumbers o'er his eye-lids steal,
More dreadful scenes his mind assail,
In dreams, than waking hours reveal!

Full oft, before some savage foe,
Pard, tyger, lion, wolf, he falls;
Or, reft of pow'r a ruffian's blow
To shun, for mercy vainly calls!
Or hears, aghast, the torrent roar,
And views approach th' impetuous flood
Prespires apace at every pore,
And groans, while horror chills his blood!

How irksome then the moment seems,
When its delusion's scarcely broke,
He trembles at the affrighting dream,
And courts, in vain, Sleep's kindlier yoke!
Still, still thy harpies intervene,
Chasing away the power benign;
While darkness clouds creation's scene,
To make the victory surely thine!

Cast on the stormy sea of life,
What pangs the too susceptive mind,
Amidst its tempests, cares, and strife,
Throughout each fleeting year must find!
As tremble yonder aspen-leaves,
The sport of every wind that blows,
So, CARE, thine iron sway bereaves
The feeling bosom of repose!

How shall we mortals then withstand
Thy heart-corroding tyranny?
Who shall arrest thy ruthless hand,
And set the wretched prisoners free?
See where descends a form divine,
Whose arm a wondrous cross sustains!
Despot! thy hapless prey resign,
Religion comes to break their chains!

Confiding in the love of Heav'n,
Beneath its fostering care secure,
Although on earth 'tis often giv'n,
Heart-tending evils to endure;
Elate with hope, with patience steel'd,
Resign'd the galling load we bear;
And, arm'd with Faith's impervious shield,
Defy thy poison'd weapons, CARE!

WRITTEN IN A COMPANY WHERE DETRACTION
ENGROSSED THE CONVERSATION.

SWEET to the scent's the fragrant briar,
Yet touch'd it gives us pain;
The streamlet we so much admire
Is oft stain'd with rain:

The painting that delights the eye,
To shades its beauty owes;
On the same shrub conjoin'd we spy
The thorn and blushing rose.

No mortal ever yet was made
From imperfection free;
Angels themselves have some small shade;
Heav'n wills it thus should be.

Mercy to others' failings show,
As you would be forgiv'n:
The best man's lot, alas! were woe,
Were mercy not in Heav'n.

STANZES.

Translated from the Portuguese of CAMOENS,
BY STRANGFORD.

I SAW the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment and Pain.

There surely is some guiding Pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue late and long!

AIR.

YOUNG COLINETTE, a lovely maid,
Had she been wise as she was fair,
By LUSIA had not been betray'd,
Who prais'd her shape, and prais'd her air,
And stole her heart away;
Ah! well-a-day!

By vows as false as false could be,
He ruin'd lovely Colinet;
And careless then away went he,
And left the maid to pine and fret,
And sigh her life away;
Ah! well-a-day!

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